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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

IN THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in newspapers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and advertising terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

Drowned in Pond.

There was a drowning accident at Eelton's Pond on Wednesday afternoon under particularly distressing circumstances. Little Wilhelm Schluter, only seven years of age, son of a seaman gunner whose duties compelled him to be away from home, fell through the ice while playing about the runway, and before assistance could reach him he was drowned.

The little fellow, in company with an intimate friend, Charles Hildreth, son of Mr. William Hildreth, went to the pond on Wednesday afternoon. They were seen by Engineer Braman at the pumping station and were warned not to go on the ice as it was not safe. About five o'clock young Hildreth ran to the pumping station and informed the men there that his companion had fallen into the water. The men hastened to the spot near the ice house and every effort was made to rescue him. Failing in every other way Mr. Ritter, an engineer of the Allis-Chalmers Company, plunged into the hole in the ice through which the little fellow had fallen and at the utmost risk to himself succeeded in bringing him to the surface. He was quickly taken to the pumping station where efforts were made to revive him for more than two hours, but it was too late.

The drowned lad was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm H. F. Schluter who reside on Bay View avenue. The father is a Chief Gunner in the navy, at present being attached to the battleship New Jersey in Hampton Roads. He was immediately notified by telegraph of the sad fatality and returned to his home as quickly as possible.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, there was a little talk in executive session over the contract to be made with the Newport Hospital. Although nothing was given out for publication it is understood that there is a serious hitch in the negotiations as the city and the hospital have different ideas as to how the contract should read.

The matter of pay rolls was taken up for approval. The pay roll of the highway department was approved, but the Mayor was directed to inquire into the positions of all on the pay roll and the services they render. Other pay rolls were approved without much comment.

A petition for the improvement of Corral avenue was referred to the next regular meeting. A petition from the Western Union Telegraph Company for permission to lay a cable in Bellevue avenue from William street to Traversa Brook was laid on the table until the next regular meeting.

The city clerk was directed to obtain proposals for printing 1000 copies of the city documents for 1906 and 3000 copies of the tax list of 1907 and 125 copies of the report of the highway department. He was also directed to prepare the tax list and documents for publication.

Hon. F. Munford Seabury is confined to his home on Mann avenue as the result of a fall which he suffered on Thursday. Although considerably shaken up he is expected to be out within a few days. In the meantime this veteran business man will be missed by those with whom he comes into daily contact.

Mayor Clarke and Chief Engineer Kirwin were in Providence on Wednesday.

Mr. Joseph Fogarty of New York is visiting his relatives in this city.

Mr. Charles P. Austin is able to be out after his recent illness.

Two Fires.

There was a slight fire in the house at the corner of Spring and Touro streets last Saturday night which necessitated the calling out of the department but fortunately did little damage. The house is owned by Sydney B. Gladding and is rented by Mrs. Martha M. Corson as a boarding house.

The fire originated near an oil stove in the kitchen and all the damage was confined to that room. When a stream from the chemical engine struck it the flames were quickly extinguished and the recall was soon sounded. The loss on the building was fully covered by insurance, and the damage to the furniture was but slight.

What gave promise for a short time of being a dangerous fire broke out in the congested Thames street district a little before one o'clock Thursday morning. Persons on the street saw flames issuing from the upper part of the Narragansett Building, at the corner of Thames and Church streets, and a telephone message to headquarters caused a still alarm to be sounded. When the emergency company arrived upon the scene the fire was seen to be of somewhat formidable proportions and an alarm was at once rung from Box 31 at the Police Station.

The fire was in the large rooms on the second floor occupied by Zarr & Farmer as billiard and bowling parlors. It apparently started around the stove and had made considerable headway before being discovered. An attempt was made to control the flames by the use of the chemical stream only but it was found necessary to use a little water before it could be brought under control. The only damage by fire was confined to the rooms of Zarr & Farmer but some of the water worked its way to the lower floor. A water pipe was melted by the heat and the water from this source ran into the drug store of Hall & Lyons on the ground floor. The music store of John Rogers escaped damage.

The equipment of Zarr & Farmer was of a very delicate nature, particularly susceptible to damage both by fire and water. Billiard tables, bowling alleys and cues all suffered considerably and much new equipment will be required. The equipment was insured for \$2000 and the damage to the building and to the Hall & Lyons store was fully covered by insurance.

Progress Conference.

By special invitation of the Newport Horticultural Society the fourth annual conference of the League for Rural Progress will be held in this city on Monday and Tuesday, March 25 and 26. Several local societies are co-operating to create interest in the meetings, including the Newport County Agricultural Society, the Newport Horticultural Society, the Charity-Organization Society, the Municipal Association, the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis and the Civic League. The School Committee has given permission to use the large assembly hall of the Rogers High School for the meetings.

An especially strong program will be presented. Among the speakers will be Professor L. H. Bailey, Dean of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University; President Kenyon L. Butterfield, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; Hon. Rowell B. Burchard, Speaker of the Rhode Island House of Representatives; Rev. Wilbert L. Anderson, of Exeter, N. H.; Mortimer Whitehead, Past Lecturer of the National Grange; Henry Lincoln Clapp, of Roxbury, Mass.; President Edwards and Dr. Wheeler, of the Rhode Island Agricultural College and Experiment Station, and others. All interested in any way in rural progress in general, in good roads, school gardens, injurious insects, and civic improvement were cordially invited to be present.

On Monday evening, March 25, by special invitation of Aquidneck Grange, a program of special interest in Granges will be given at the Grange Hall in Middletown.

Miss Freda Paine, who accompanied her father, Mr. Frederick Paine, to New York, where he has been for several months, has returned home.

Mr. Albert L. Chase, town clerk of Middletown, who has been ill for several months, was in the city the past week, much improved in health.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman, who has been confined to his home by illness, is fully restored to health and is giving his full attention to business.

Miss Ethel Simms-Nowell and Miss Harriett Cottrell, of this city and Miss Theo Borden of Fall River will shortly go abroad for several months.

Miss Maude Wetmore, daughter of Senator and Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore, is visiting Mrs. John Jacob Astor in New York.

Mr. James P. Taylor has been in New York the past week.

Suicide at Fort.

Private Timothy R. Langdon of the Ninety-seventh Company, Coast Artillery, ended his life at Fort Adams last Saturday evening. He had been seated in the barracks with a number of comrades, when he suddenly arose, made a dash for the window and hurled himself to the ground nearly fifty feet below. He was quickly attended by comrades who, finding that he was still alive, hurried him to the post hospital. A careful examination was made and it was found that besides a fractured skull and concussion of the brain he had received hopeless internal injuries and that there was no chance for his recovery. He died on Monday in spite of the best medical attendance.

Funeral services were held at the Fort on Tuesday and the entire battalion escorted the body to the limits of the reservation on its way to this city. The remains were shipped to his former home in Haverdale, N. Y., a firing squad and the bearers escorting the body to Long wharf. There were many beautiful floral tributes from the men at the Fort.

Langdon was a native of Westchester County, N. Y., where his mother still lives. He had been at Fort Adams for a little over two years, having been recently transferred from the Seventy-ninth to the Ninety-seventh Company. He was very popular with his associates.

Two Newporters Promoted.

Mr. George W. Hawley, formerly of this city, has been promoted to chief engineer of the Rhode Island Company's power houses on Eddy and Manchester streets in Providence, after having served as assistant engineer there for a number of years. He has a great many friends in Newport who will rejoice at the well deserved step upward that has been given him. He is a son-in-law of Mr. Helmes Jouvet, the veteran foreman of the Mercury, and is a member of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M. Mr. Hawley is distinctly a self-made man, having worked himself up from coal passer to assistant engineer of the Fall River Line.

Mr. Frank W. Casler, whose resignation caused the vacancy that Mr. Hawley has been called to fill, is also well known in this city, having been for a number of years in charge of the plant of the Newport Illuminating Company. While here he was active in the Masonic bodies and made a host of friends. He has severed his connection with the Rhode Island Company to accept a position as engineer of the Lincoln Wharf Power Station of the Boston Elevated Railroad.

To Manufacture Torpedoes.

The plans for the new torpedo factory at the Torpedo Station, which is authorized by Congress, have been completed and are now in the hands of the chief of the bureau of ordnance at Washington. Bids have been called for and after contractors have had an opportunity to prepare and submit their estimates the contract will be awarded. It is expected that work will be begun during the summer and that the factory can be completed within a year. It will be located on the west side of the island taking the place of the isolated buildings used for the manufacture of explosives.

The new factory will mean a great deal for Newport. The closing of the smokeless powder factory threw a number of men out of employment and their number will be more than made up by the new industry. The very highest grade of employees will be required and much money should be put into circulation in Newport in consequence.

After a dinner at the Crown Hotel in Providence on Thursday evening by members of the Alumni of Dartmouth College, steps were taken to form a permanent organization of Dartmouth men in Rhode Island. Mr. Robert Prime of this city was elected treasurer of the new society and Mr. John P. Sanborn a member of the executive committee.

On account of the dense fog steamer Pilgrim of the Fall River Line did not arrive in Newport on Thursday until two o'clock in the afternoon. The steamboat train came down from Fall River and took on board the passengers for Boston and way stations, the steamer proceeding immediately for Fall River to unload her freight.

Miss Jennie G. Johnson, who has been ill at the home of Mr. Edward G. Littlefield in Jamestown, is somewhat better. Miss Johnson was spending her vacation in Newport, guest of Miss Sidonia Craudall, and was taken sick while attending a dance at Jamestown on Friday night of last week.

Fishing steamer Seven Brothers, owned by W. J. Anderson, has been undergoing repairs at the ship yard the past week.

Violation of Game Laws.

Before the Superior Court last Monday, the case of the State of Rhode Island against Edward A. Brown was settled by the permission of the Assistant Attorney General and the consent of the Bird Commissioner for Newport County. It was for having 13 partridges illegally on the 26th of October, 1906, in the possession for sale by the defendant, or by the business corporation of which he is president. The defendant pleaded "nolo." This meant that he did not wish to contest the case any further, a practical admission of the correctness of the charge. He agreed to pay all costs of the case and to pay the statutory fine of \$20 for the first bird seized. The disbursements covered by the word "nolo" probably ran up to \$260. This sum would be the equivalent of the full fee of \$20 per bird on the 13 partridges—the amount of the fine inflicted in the District Court at first hearing, and from which the defendant had appealed. The law was held to be fully vindicated by this settlement; and the unpleasant ordeal of those employed in the defendant's market, being again cross examined, was avoided.

The case has aroused much interest in Newport, as several other market men might have had a similar charge made against them during the past year; but the proof happened to fall on the defendant, by the arrest of three Tiverton bird-smugglers last October on Thames street, after having delivered a basket at defendant's store. It would be better not to have a law than not to enforce it, and it is expected that future illegal selling of game in Newport has been effectually checked by the pecuniary loss incurred by the defendant in this case.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. R. M. Delano.

Mrs. Jane A. Delano, wife of Dr. R. M. Delano, died at her home in Norwood, R. I., on Tuesday after a short illness of pleuro-pneumonia to the sixty-first year of her age. She was a native of Oneco, Conn., and when a child she moved with her parents to Riverpoint. At the age of eighteen years she opened millinery parlors at Riverpoint. About four years afterwards she married Mr. W. G. Harris and came to Newport to reside. For a number of years she carried on a fashionable millinery business in this city on Thames street and later on Spring street and had a host of friends here, who regret to learn of her death. She was ever making new friends in life, but always retained her old ones. She was intimately associated with many Newport families and had shared with them in their joys and sorrows.

After the death of her husband, she removed to Providence, where she conducted a millinery store in the Arcade. Miss Louie Sherman of this city, who worked in Mrs. Delano's millinery parlors when in Newport, has also been associated with her in Providence and was her head milliner at the time of her death.

A few years ago Mrs. Harris married Dr. R. M. Delano, who survives her.

Mrs. Darius Allen, an aunt and neighbor of Mrs. Delano, died from pleuro-pneumonia last week and Mrs. Delano's mother is seriously ill with the same malady at her daughter's home.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Friday at 12 o'clock and were largely attended by relatives and friends. There were many beautiful floral tributes.

Mrs. Charles H. Peabody.

Mrs. Hannah Peabody, widow of Mr. Charles H. Peabody, died at the residence of her son, Mr. Harry M. Peabody, on Church street, Thursday evening after a long illness. She was a daughter of the late John C. Atman. Mrs. Peabody was a kind hearted woman of pleasing manner. She was a kind and loving mother and had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She had been most patient during her sufferings, which had been of long duration.

Four children survive her: Mr. Augustus Peabody, Mrs. Edward F. Cragin, Mr. Harry M. Peabody and Mrs. Frederick P. Lee; also two sisters, Mrs. Wood of Providence and Mrs. John S. Coggeshall of this city.

Dr. Charles W. Stewart and Dr. D. P. A. Jacoby, who have been at Rochester, Minn., visiting the hospital of the celebrated Mayo brothers, have returned East, Dr. Stewart remaining in New York a few days for a rest, while Dr. Jacoby came direct to Newport.

Mrs. Otis D. Sleeper and Mrs. John C. Sleeper have returned from Sablin Point Light, Riverdale, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Weeden.

Chief of Police and Mrs. Crowley have been spending the week in New York with their son, Mr. Herbert Crowley.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, from which there were two absentees. The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the month ending February 21 was 3,733, the average belonging \$375, average attendance 3,064, the per cent of attendance 80.7, cases of tardiness 538, and the cases of dismissal 61.

The enrollment in the Townsend Industrial School was 1,179. The statistics for the evening schools for four weeks ending March 8 were as follows:

	Enrolled	Average attendance
Elementary classes,	165	22
Mechanical drawing,	44	7
Bookkeeping,	74	2.9
Stenography and typewriting,	25	6
Cooking,	17	4.7
Freehand drawing,	21	6

By a new ruling of the Board of Health, absentees, on arrival at school, must report directly to the principal. If the principal on inquiry discovers no suspicious circumstances, the pupils may go to their own rooms until the arrival of the inspector, when by a signal on the going they must be summoned for examination.

If the principal does discover suspicious cases, they must be isolated at once and await the inspector.

Grade 11.

This grade has been trying for two years to make its number work concrete—to make the child see, feel and realize size and number as well as memorize it. For this purpose several kinds of material have been used in linear and surface work. Two weeks ago an expert teacher from another city, who has made a special study of the Walter's system, met this grade for 30 minutes to suggest ways and means, and gave the teachers the benefit of her broad and successful experience.

Gifts.

Again is the Rogers indebted to Miss L. E. French, for a portfolio of 31 plates of anatomical drawings and a framed water-color picture. To the library the donor of the decoration now on its walls has added a hand-colored photograph of the very old Bodleian Library, Oxford. To the history department Miss Edith M. Borden of grade XII has given ten copies of "Art and Artists," an illustrated journal of modern art. Thayer is also honored by a gift of the Declaration of Independence from the Daughters of the American Revolution. While mentioning these recent gifts, it may not be out of place to state that the Thayer has received from a member of this board 20 pictures and 11 busts of our relief.

State Pension.

A hearing was held in the State House on the nineteenth of February to consider a state pension bill for teachers. About 200 persons met, and the hearing was adjourned before all who desired to speak in its favor could be heard. There was no dissenting voice. By its conditions, if the law should be enacted to take effect September, seven of the present corps of this city would be eligible.

University Extension.

Although this board is not responsible for the lectures given by Mr. Shaw, yet they are in reality an extension of the high school curriculum to the citizens. Therefore it is pleasant to note that they are well patronized by a very appreciative audience. The committee in charge have been obliged to assume all responsibility for the expenses, amounting to more than \$450, and therefore it is essential that some definite organization should be formed if the work is to be continued.

The report of Trust Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 211; number out for illness and other causes, 135; number of cases of truancy (public), 10; parochial, 6; 16; number of different children truant, 16; number found not attending school, 16; number sent to public schools, 10; number sent to parochial schools, 1; number of certificates issued, 4.

I am pleased to state that the children whose names were presented for prosecution at your last meeting are now attending school regularly, without my having to prosecute them.

I recommend the prosecution of John Souza, 441 Thames street, for not attending school according to law; also Georgiana Thompson, 3 Smith's court, for not sending her daughter Geraldine to school according to law.

The finance committee reported that the representative council had reduced the school department appropriation \$3500 from the amount estimated and it was decided that the plans for the year must be changed to conform with the amount of money available.

Mrs. Marsh reported that the Aquidneck Cottage Industries had been given permission to use the Townsend Building if it gives classes in wood work, provided all costs are paid and one of the teachers to be in charge. There was some discussion concerning the rule requiring janitors to remain in their buildings during school hours and the matter was referred to the committee on buildings to report. There was also a little informal talk about school telephones.

After considerable discussion a committee, consisting of Mr. Covell, Mrs. Marsh, and Mr. Peckham, was appointed to consider the question of renting apart a room for an ungraded school to take such scholars as fall behind in their classes. Mr. Lull told of the necessity for such a school and the committee seemed to favor it if it can be arranged without detriment to the regular schools.

A communication from the Tubercu-

losis Association asking permission to circulate a leaflet in the schools was referred to Dr. Barker and Dr. Darrach. The League of Rural Progress was given permission to use the Assembly hall in the Rogers High School for public meetings on March 25 and 26.

Superior Court.

Although there has been one jury trial during the second week of the March session of the Superior Court, it has not been a very strenuous week, and the sessions have generally been brief.

On Monday the criminal docket was in order. In the case of State vs. Edward A. Brown for violation of the game laws, by agreement of counsel the defendant pleaded nolo to having one bird in his possession and was fined \$20 and costs. In an interval the civil case of George A. Weaver Company vs. J. Edward Addicks was called and judgment was entered for plaintiff for \$428.82.

Sentence was imposed in the short lobster case of State vs. Patrick Sheehan. There were sixty lobsters involved and the fine was \$5 for each, a total of \$300 and costs. Valentin G. Palmer of Tiverton, who is now serving a sentence at Anston, was further sentenced to six months additional for breaking and entering in the night time and the larceny of hens. The indictment against Thomas Hasey for assault with a dangerous weapon and carrying concealed weapons was set for June 10. Defendant in the civil case of Ricardo Bruser vs. Nathan David submitted to judgment for \$55, without costs.

On Tuesday there was a case for a jury—Gertrude Rafferty vs. John P. Collins. This was a Tiverton case to recover damages for injuries alleged to have been received by the bite of a dog belonging to the defendant, Mr. F. F. Nolan representing the plaintiff and Col. William P. Sheffield and Mr. Max Levy the defendant.

The plaintiff is a girl of about nine years. She took the stand in her own behalf and told of the attack of the dog upon her and of the injuries that she received. Dr. Daughters of Tiverton also testified to her physical condition. John A. Wilcox, clerk of the Tiverton Police Commission, testified to the issuing of a license to Mr. Collins, and George W. Potter, dog officer of the town, testified to the ownership of the dog, James Rafferty, father of the plaintiff, was also a witness.

For the defense Captain John P. Collins, the defendant, testified that the dog was with Mrs. Collins all the time. In question. He was surprised when Rafferty told him about the dog biting his daughter. Mrs. Frances S. Collins, wife of the defendant, was called to the stand, and stated that the dog belonged to her. The dog was with her at the time the plaintiff claimed to have been bitten and she saw no need of nothing of the kind alleged. She refused to have the dog killed but sold him. The summing up by counsel and charge by the court occupied considerable time and it was after two o'clock when the jury retired. The verdict was for plaintiff for \$150.

On Wednesday in the case of L. Edward Jenkins vs. Rufus E. Darrach the defendant submitted to judgment for \$393.09. The case of First Baptist Society vs. John W. Wetherell was continued and the court adjourned to Friday morning.

Richard de Logerot.

The Marquis de Croisic, Richard de Logerot, died in New York on Tuesday of Bright's disease. He had had a somewhat eventful career. The son of a prominent Neapolitan nobleman, in his youth his family was compelled to leave Naples, going from there to Rome and later to France. In 1833 the Marquis came to America and lived in New York where he was prominent in the foreign colony. Deciding to go into commercial pursuits he bought and operated the Hotel Logerot and the Comble Apartments, at first being very successful but finally being forced to the wall. For a time he managed the Rembrandt Cottages on the Cliffs in this city.

The remains were brought to this city for interment. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

Steamer Queen City, which runs from Providence to Seacommet Point, was burned at her dock at Seacommet Thursday night. The six men who comprised her crew escaped but lost most of their belongings. The vessel was valued at about \$75,000.

Mrs. John H. Sweet and Mrs. Joseph S. Allen leave München, Germany, today for Italy, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. J. Powell Cozzana, who has been confined to his home by illness, is much improved.

Mr. James Topham Albro is critically ill at his home on North Baptist street.

The Prisoner of Zenda

By...
ANTHONY
HOPE

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CHAPTER VII.

LET my arm round Sapt's waist and supported him out of the cellar, drawing the battered door close after me. For ten minutes or more we sat silent in the dining room. Then old Sapt rubbed his knuckles into his eyes, gave one great gasp and was himself again. As the clock on the mantelpiece struck I he stamped his foot on the floor, saying:

"They're not the king!"

"Yes," said I, "all's well as Black Michael's dispatch said. What a moment it must have been for him when the royal sables were led at Strelsau this morning! I wonder when he got the message!"

"It must have been sent in the morning," said Sapt. "They must have sent it before news of your arrival at Strelsau reached Zenda—I suppose it came from Zenda."

"And he's carried it about all day!" I exclaimed. "Upon my honor, I'm not the only man who's had a trying day! What did he think, Sapt?"

"What does that matter? What does he think, lad, now?"

I rose to my feet.

"We must get back," I said, "and rouse every soldier in Strelsau. We ought to be in pursuit of Michael before midday."

Old Sapt pulled his pipe and carefully lit it from the candle which guttered on the table.

"The king may be murdered while we sit here," I urged.

Sapt sucked for a moment in silence. "That cursed old woman!" he broke out. "She must have attracted their attention somehow. I see the game. They came up to kidnap the king and—as I say—somehow they found him. If you hadn't gone to Strelsau, you and I and Fritz had been in heaven by now."

"And the king?"

"Who knows where the king is now?" he asked.

"Come, let's be off," said I. But he sat still, and suddenly he burst into one of his grating chuckles.

"By Jove, we've shaken up Black Michael!"

"Come, come!" I repeated impatiently.

"And we'll shake him up a bit more," he added, a cunning smile broadening on his wrinkled, weather-beaten face and his teeth working on an end of his grizzled mustache. "Aye, lad, we'll go back to Strelsau. The king shall be in his capital again tomorrow."

"The king?"

"The crowned king!"

"You're mad!" I cried.

"If we go back and tell the trick we played, what would you give for our lives?"

"Just what they're worth," said I.

"And for the king's throne? Do you think that the nobles and the people will enjoy being fooled as you've fooled them? Do you think they'll love a king who was too drunk to be crowned and sent a servant to personate him?"

"He was drugged—and I'm no servant."

"Mine will be Black Michael's version."

He rose, came to me and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Lad," he said, "if you play the man you may save the king yet. Go back and keep his throne warm for him."

"But the duke knows—the villains he has employed know!"

"Aye, but they can't speak!" roared Sapt in grim triumph. "We've got 'em! How can they denounce you without denouncing themselves? 'This is not the king, because we kidnapped the king and murdered his servant.' Can they say that?"

The position flashed on me. Whether Michael knew me or not he could not speak. Unless he produced the king, what could he do? And if he produced the king, where was he? For a moment I was puzzled away headlong, but in an instant the difficulties came strong upon me.

"I must be found out," I urged.

"Perhaps, but every hour's something. Above all, we must have a king in Strelsau or the city will be Michael's in four and twenty hours, and what would the king's life be worth then—or his throne? Lad, you must do it!"

"Suppose they kill the king?"

"They'll kill him if you don't."

"Sapt, suppose they have killed the king?"

"Then, by heaven, you're as good as Kingberg as Black Michael, and you shall reign in Ruritania. But I don't believe they have, nor will they kill him if you're on the throne. Will they kill him to put you in?"

It was a wild plan—wilder even and hopelessly than the trick we had already carried through, but as I listened to Sapt I saw the strong points in our game. And then I was a young man, and I loved action, and I was offered such a hand in such a game as portents never man played yet.

"I shall be found out," I said.

"Perhaps," said Sapt. "Come! To Strelsau! We shall be caught like rats in a trap if we stay here."

"Sapt," I cried, "I'll try it!"

"Well played!" said he. "I hope they've left us the horses. I'll go and see."

"We must bury that poor fellow," said I.

"No time," said Sapt.

"I'll do it."

"Hang you!" he grinned. "I make you a king, and—well, do it. Go and fetch him while I look to the horses. He can't be very deep, but I doubt if he'll care about that. Poor little Josef! He was an honest bit of a man."

He went out, and I went to the cellar. I raised poor Josef in my arms

dressed, on the sofa. He seemed to have been sleeping, but our entry woke him. He leaped to his feet, gave one glance at me and with a joyful cry threw himself on his knees before me. "Thank God, sir! Thank God, you're safe!" he cried, stretching his hand up to catch hold of mine.

I confess that I was moved. This king, whatever his faults, made people love him. For a moment I could not bear to speak or break the poor fellow's illusion. But tough old Sapt had no such feeling. He slapped his hand on his thigh delightedly.

"Bravo, lad!" cried he. "We shall do it!"

Fritz looked up in bewilderment. I held out my hand.

"You're wounded, sir?" he exclaimed.

"It's only a scratch," said I, "but—I paused."

I rose to his feet with a bewildered air. Holding my hand, he looked me up and down and down and up. Then suddenly he dropped my hand and recoiled back.

"Where's the king? Where's the king?" he cried.

"Hush, you fool!" hissed Sapt. "Not so loud! Here's the king."

A knock sounded at the door. Sapt seized me by the hand.

"Here, quick! To the bedroom! Off with your cap and your boots. Get into bed. Cover everything up."

I did as I was bid. A moment later Sapt looked in, nodded, grinned and introduced an extremely smart and deferential young gentleman, who came up to my bedside, bowing again and again, and informed me that he was of the household of the Princess Flavia and that her royal highness had sent him especially to inquire how the king's health was after the fatigues which his majesty had undergone yesterday.

"My best thanks, sir, to my cousin," said I, "and tell her royal highness that I was never better in my life."

"The king," added old Sapt, who I began to find, loved a good lie for its own sake, "has slept without a break all night."

The young gentleman bowed himself out again. The force was over, and Fritz von Tartenheim's pale face recalled us to reality, though, in faith, the force had to be reality for us now.

"Is the king dead?" he whispered.

"Please God, no," said I. "But he's in the hands of Black Michael."

CHAPTER VIII.

A REAL king's life is perhaps a hard one, but a pretended king's is, I warrant, much harder. On the next day Sapt instructed me in my duties—what I ought to do and what I ought to know—for three hours; then I snatched breakfast, with Sapt still opposite me, telling me that the king always took white wine in the morning and was known to detest all highly seasoned dishes. Then came the chancellor for another three hours, and to him I had to explain that the hurt to my finger (we turned that bullet to happy account) prevented me from writing, whence arose great do, hunting of precedents and so forth, ending in my "making my mark," and the chancellor attesting it with a superfluity of solemn oaths. Then the French ambassador was introduced to present his credentials. Here my ignorance was of no importance, as the king would have been equally raw to the business. We worked through the whole corps diplomatique in the next few days, a denouement of the crown necessitating all this bother.

Then at last I was left alone. I called my new servant (we had chosen to succeed poor Josef a young man who had never known the king), had a brandy and soda brought to me and observed to Sapt that I trusted that I might now have a rest.

Fritz von Tartenheim was standing by.

"By heaven!" he cried. "We waste time. Aren't we going to throw Black Michael by the heels?"

"Gently, my son, gently," said Sapt, knitting his brows. "It would be a pleasure, but it might cost us dear. Would Michael fail and leave the king alive?"

"And," I suggested, "while the king is here in Strelsau, on his throne, what grievance has he against his dear brother Michael?"

"Are we to do nothing, then?"

"We're to do nothing stupid," growled Sapt.

"In fact, Fritz," said I, "I am reminded of a situation in one of our English plays. 'The Cripple.' Have you heard of it? Or, if you like, of two men each covering the other with a revolver. For I can't expose Michael without exposing myself!"

"And the king?" put in Sapt.

"And hang me if Michael won't expose himself if he tries to expose me!"

"It's very pretty," said old Sapt.

"If I'm found out," I pursued, "I will make a clean breast of it and fight it out with the duke. But at present I'm waiting for a move from him."

"He'll kill the king," said Fritz.

"Not he," said Sapt.

"Half of the six are in Strelsau," said Fritz.

"Only half? You're sure?" asked Sapt eagerly.

"Yes, only half."

"Then the king's alive, for the other three are guarding him!" cried Sapt.

"Yes, you're right!" exclaimed Fritz, his face brightening. "If the king were dead and buried, they'd all be here with Michael. You know Michael's back, colonel, curse him!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said I, "who are the six?"

"I think you'll make their acquaintance soon," said Sapt. "They are six gentlemen whom Michael maintains in his household. They belong to him body and soul. There are three Ruritans; then there's a Frenchman, a Belgian and one of your countrymen."

"They'd all cut a throat if Michael told them," said Fritz.

"Perhaps they'll cut mine," I suggested.

"Nothing more likely," agreed Sapt.

"Who are here, Fritz?"

"De Gaultier, Bersonin and Detchard."

"The foreigners! It's as plain as a white cloth. He's brought them and left

the Ruritans with the king. That's because he wants to commit the Ruritans as deep as he can."

"They were none of them among our friends at the lodge, then?" I asked.

"I wish they had been," said Sapt wistfully. "They had been not six, but four, by now."

I had already developed one attribute of royalty—a feeling that I need not reveal all my mind or my secret designs even to my intimate friends. I had fully resolved on my course of action. I meant to make myself as popular as I could and at the same time to show no disfavour to Michael. By these means I hoped to allay the hostility of his adherents and make it appear, if an open conflict came about, that he was ungrateful and not oppressed.

Yet an open conflict was not what I hoped for.

The king's interest demanded secrecy, and while secrecy lasted I had a fine game to play in Strelsau. Michael should not grow stronger for delay.

I ordered my horse and, attended by Fritz von Tartenheim, rode in the grand new avenue of the royal park, returning all the salutes which I received with punctilious politeness.

Then I rode through a few of the streets, stopped and bought flowers of a pretty girl, paying her with a piece of gold, and then, having attracted the desired amount of attention (for I had a trail of half a thousand people after me), I rode to the residence of the Princess Flavia and asked if she would receive me. This step created much interest and was met with shouts of approval. The princess was very popular, and the chancellor himself had not scrupled to hint to me that the more I pressed my suit and the more rapidly I brought it to a prosperous conclusion the stronger should I be in the affection of my subjects. The chancellor, of course, did not understand the difficulties which lay in the way of following his loyal and excellent advice. However, I thought I could do no harm by calling, and in this view Fritz supported me with a cordiality that surprised me until he confessed that he also had his motive for liking a visit to the princess's house, which motive was no other than a great desire to see the princess's lady in waiting and bosom friend, the Countess Helga von Strofzin.

Etiquette seconded Fritz's hopes. While I was ushered into the princess's room he remained with the countess in the ante-chamber. In spite of the people and servants who were laughing about I doubt not that they managed a tele-tele, but I had no leisure to think of them, for I was playing the most delicate move in all my difficult game. I had to keep the princess devoted to me—and yet indifferent to me; I had to show affection for her—and not feel it. I had to make love for another, and that to a girl who, princess or no princess, was the most beautiful I had ever seen. Well, I braced myself to the task, made no easier by the charming embarrassment with which I was received. How I succeeded in carrying out my programme will appear hereafter.

"You are gaining golden laurels," she said. "You are like the prince in Shakespeare who was transformed by becoming king. But I'm forgetting you are king, sir."

"I ask you to speak nothing but what your heart tells you and to call me nothing but my name."

She looked at me for a moment.

"Then I'm glad and proud, Rudolf," said she. "Why, as I told you, your very face is changed."

I acknowledged the compliment, but I disliked the topic, so I said:

"My brother is back, I hear. He made an excursion, didn't he?"

"Yes, he is here," she said, frowning a little.

"He can't stay long from Strelsau, it seems," I observed, smiling. "Well, we are all glad to see him. The nearer he is the better."

The princess glanced at me with a gleam of amusement in her eyes.

"Why, cousin? Is it that you can?"

"See better what he's doing? Perhaps," said I. "And why are you glad?"

"I didn't say I was glad," she answered.

"Some people say so for you."

"There are many insolent people," she said, with delightful haughtiness. "Possibly you mean that I am one?"

"Your majesty could not be," she said, courtesying in feigned deference, but adding mischievously after a pause, "unless, that is—"

"Well, unless what?"

"Unless you tell me that I mind a snap of my fingers where the Duke of Strelsau is."

Heavily I wished that I had been the king.

"You don't care where Cousin Michael is?"

"Ah, Cousin Michael! I call him the Duke of Strelsau."

"You call him Michael when you meet him?"

"Yes—by the orders of your father."

"I see. And now by mine?"

"If those are your orders."

"Oh, decidedly! We must all be pleasant to our dear Michael."

"You order me to receive his friends, too, I suppose?"

"The six?"

"You call them that too?"

"To be in the fashion I do. But I order you to receive no one unless you like."

"Except yourself?"

"I pray for myself. I could not order."

As I spoke there came a cheer from the street. The princess ran to the window.

"It is he!" she cried. "It is—the Duke of Strelsau!"

I smiled, but said nothing. She returned to her seat. For a few moments we sat in silence. The noise outside subsided, but I heard the tread of feet in the ante-room. I began to talk on general subjects. This went on for some minutes. I wondered what had become of Michael, but it did not seem to be for me to interfere. All at once, to my great surprise, Flavia, clasping her hands, asked in an agitated voice:

"Are you wise to make him angry?"

"What? Who? How am I making him angry?"

"The king," she said.

"The king?"

"The king?"

"The king?"

"Why, by keeping him waiting."

"My dear cousin, I don't want to keep him!"

"Well, then, is he to come in?"

"Of course, if you wish it."

She looked at me curiously.

"How funny you are," she said. "Of course no one could be answered while I was with you."

There was a charming attribute of royalty.

"An excellent etiquette!" I cried.

"But I had clean forgotten it, and if I were alone with some one else couldn't you be announced?"

"You know as well as I do. I could be, because I am of the blood. I could be, because I am of the blood. And she still looked puzzled."

"I never could remember all these silly rules," said I rather feebly as I inwardly cursed Fritz for not posting me up. "But I'll repair my fault."

I jumped up, flung open the door and advanced into the ante-room. Michael was sitting at a table, a heavy frown on his face. Every one else was standing, save that impudent young dog Fritz, who was lounging easily in an armchair and flirting with the Countess Helga. He leaped up as I entered with a deferential elasticity that lent point to his former nonchalance. I had no difficulty in understanding that the duke might not like young Fritz.

I held out my hand. Michael took it, and I embraced him. Then I drew him with me into the inner room.

"Brother," I said, "if I had known you were here you should not have waited a moment before I asked the princess to permit me to bring you to her."

He thanked me, but coldly. The man had many qualities, but he could not hide his feelings. A mere stranger could have seen that he hated me and hated worse to see me with Princess Flavia. Yet I am persuaded that he tried to conceal both feelings and, further, that he tried to persuade me that he believed I was verily the king. I did not know, of course, but unless the king were an impostor, at once cleverer and more audacious than I (and I began to think something of myself in that role), Michael could not believe that. And if he didn't, how he must have loathed paying me deference and hearing my "Michael" and my "Flavia."

"Your hand is hurt, sir," he observed, with concern.

"Yes, I was playing a game with a mongrel dog (I meant to stir him), and you know, brother, such have uncertain tempers."

He smiled sourly, and his dark eyes rested on me for a moment.

"But is there no danger from the bite?" cried Flavia anxiously.

"None from this," said I. "If I gave him a chance to bite deeper, it would be different, cousin."

"But surely he has been destroyed?" said she.

"Not yet. We're waiting to see if his bite is harmful."

"And if it is?" asked Michael, with his sour smile.

"He'll be knocked on the head, brother," said I.

"You won't play with him any more?" urged Flavia.

"Perhaps I shall."

"He might bite again."

"Doubtless he'll try," said I, smiling.

Then, fearing Michael would say something which I must appear to resent (for, though I might show him my hate, I must seem to be full of favor), I began to compliment him on the magnificent condition of his regiment and of their loyal greeting to me on the day of my coronation. Thence I passed to a rapturous description of the shooting lodge which he had lent me. But he rose suddenly to his feet. His temper was failing him, and as an excuse he said briefly, "However, as he reached the door he stopped, saying—"

"Three friends of mine are very anxious to have the honor of being presented to you, sir. They are here in the ante-chamber."

I joined him directly, passing my arm through his. The look on his face was honey to me. We entered the ante-chamber in fraternal fashion. Michael beckoned, and three men came forward.

"These gentlemen," said Michael, with a stately courtesy which, to do him justice, he could assume with perfect grace and ease, "are the truest and most devoted of your majesty's servants and are my very faithful and attached friends."

"On the last ground as much as the first," said I, "I am very pleased to see them."

They came one by one and kissed my hand—De Gaultier, a tall, lean fellow, with hair standing straight up and waxed mustache; Bersonin, the Belgian, a portly man of middle height with a bald head, though he was not far past thirty, and last, the English-

man, Detchard, a narrow faced fellow, with close cut fair hair and a bronzed complexion. He was a finely made man, broad in the shoulders and slender in the hips. A good fighter, but a crooked customer I put him down for. I spoke to him in English, with a slight foreign accent, and I swear the fellow smiled, though he hid the smile in an instant.

"Rudolf, be careful, won't you?"

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TO SNUFF VOLCANOES.

Startling Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body act in the same manner as volcanoes. Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Disorders, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making life a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rensselaer, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Eagle Eye Salve for all diseases or inflammations of the eye. 50c.

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CHOICE MISCELLANY

Way of Kentucky Moonshiners.

You can't help feeling sorry for the men who are engaged in the task of running down to Kentucky illicit stills. They are up against a losing game in the Cumberland mountains. The "moonshiners" have a perfect scout system. If you don't believe it you might hire a white horse at Middlesboro and take a horseback ride through the mountains. As the sheriff always rides a white horse, the chances are you will not get shot until you have been given a chance to explain yourself. But as soon as you have ridden well into the hills you will hear the blood curdling "Ee-O-e" and then another further on, which sounds almost like an echo. And so from ridge to ridge you will hear your approach heralded until the whole mountainside knows of your coming, and all the while you have seen nothing but the scrub pine on the ridges and the underbrush along the creek beds. The white horse is easily seen, and it is hinted that this is the reason the sheriff and deputy marshals always have mounts of this color. But afoot or horseback it would be impossible to enter the country without having the announcement spread broadcast.—C. T. Revere in Outing Magazine.

Smokeless Gunpowder.

The color of modern smokeless powder has the shade of dark amber. In the sense of a powder being a finely divided solid, smokeless powder is no powder at all. It consists of a wax-like composition, the size of the "grains" varying according to the caliber of the gun. For use in revolvers, rifles and sporting guns the grains resemble the tiny perforated glass beads of the sort used in old time needlework. For the machine guns, the rapid fire guns and the heavy rifles of battlefields and forts the grains are cylindrical in shape, varying in size from a third of an inch in diameter and half an inch in length to three-fourths of an inch in diameter and about two inches in length, each grain, in order to increase the area exposed to ignition, being perforated equidistantly and longitudinally with from one to six holes, big as knitting needles, depending upon the size of the grain.—Chicago News.

No Cause For Alarm.

Young Doctor—Do you think the visitor is really a patient? I am afraid that he is a creditor. Servant—Well, I heard him groaning. If he isn't ill, he must have a very big bill to collect.—Fliegende Blätter.

Family Secrets.

Intimate Friend—Is your father going to give you away? Prospective Bride—I would like to see him!—Exchange.

It Didn't Last.

Smith—Did I ever tell you about the morning I woke up and found myself famous? Jones—No. What did you do then? Smith—Oh, I went to bed the next night and slept it off.—Detroit Tribune.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"So Mr. Detmer is in the secret," thought I.

Having got rid of my dear brother and his friends, I returned to make my adieu to my cousin. She was standing at the door. I bade her farewell, taking her hand in mine.

"Farewell," she said very low, "be careful, won't you?"

"Of what?"

"You know—I can't say. But think what your life is to!"

"Well, to—"

"To fortune!"

Was I right to play the part or wrong to play the part? I know not. Evil lay both ways, and I dared not tell her the truth.

"Only to fortune?" I asked softly.

A sudden flush spread over her incomparable face.

"To your friends, too," she said.

"Friends?"

"And to your cousin," she whispered, "and loving servant."

I could not speak. I kissed her hand and went out cursing myself.

Outside I found Master Fritz, quite reckless of the footmen, playing at cat's cradle with the Countess Helga.

"Huang!" said he, "we can't always be plotting! Love claims his share."

"I'm inclined to think he does," said I, and Fritz, who had been by my side, dropped respectfully behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TIPPED AS HE WENT.

His Promise to Pay a Lump Sum Weekly Did Not Bring Results.

"I had heard all about the tipping system in Europe before going abroad," said the young man just returned from his maiden voyage, "so I thought I'd inaugurate a new system. At a fashionable hotel in London the valet assigned to my floor was the subject of my first experiment."

"See here," I said in a frank, jovial manner when he came in to attend me. "I want to make an arrangement with you. It's an infernal nuisance to be handing out tips every few minutes, or, at least, when I want anything done. Now, I propose to lump the whole thing in weekly payments. I expect to be here at least three weeks. You look after me to the best of your ability, and at the end of each week I'll make it all right with you—in fact, I'll give you more in a lump sum than you would get in tips. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite, sir," he said cheerfully, but I fancied he looked disappointed.

"Very well," said I. "I'm going out for a drive about town. Meanwhile take my evening clothes out of my trunk, have them pressed and laid out for me. You'll find studs and buttons for the shirt in that box on the dresser. My shoes are in that valise."

"That's right, sir. Very good, sir. Thankee kindly," said he, and I left with a feeling of elation.

"When I got back to the hotel I found my evening clothes still in the trunk, the shirt and shoes untouched and, in short, 'nothing doing.' Next day I went back to the old system."—New York Press.

PIE BIRDS OF BRITANNY.

They Must Be Pretty Strong, According to This Breton Story.

"Speaking of exaggerations," said a traveler, "reminds me of the pie bird story of the Breton farmer."

"There was a farmer in Brittany who wished to tell a visitor how his farm had been overrun with pies. Pies, you know, are large birds, black and white, with long tails—a kind of crow. The farmer said the pies devastated his fields horribly. If he put up scarecrows, the birds tore them down. One day his young son ran into the granite farmhouse and shouted:

"Oh, father, hundreds and hundreds of birds! The wheat is being all eaten up!"

The farmer loaded his gun. But where was the shot? It couldn't be found. He put in a few handfuls of tacks instead. Then he ran out. The wheatear was black and white, like a checkerboard, with pies. The farmer gave a loud yell, and the birds all flew up into a tall poplar. He fired, and, lo, every bird was nailed fast to the tree. They were nailed fast. Their flapping wings filled the air with a loud whirring. The farmer, amazed, stood watching them. Then a strange thing happened. The birds, with one grand united effort, pulled up the huge tree and flew away with it!"

Important Correction.

To Tennyson truth was a simple thing. It was simply to be exact. In this light should be read an amusing story found in Bram Stoker's "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving."

Irving had heard a story that Tennyson not long before had been lunching with friends in his own neighborhood not far from Haslemere. His hostess said to him as they went into the dining room:

"I have made a dish specially for you myself. I hope you will try it and tell me exactly what you think of it."

"Of course I shall," replied Tennyson.

After lunch she asked him what he thought of it.

"If you really wish to know," said he, "I thought it was like an old shoe."

When they met, Irving asked Tennyson if the story were true.

"No," he said at once. "I didn't say that. I said something, but it wasn't that it was like an old shoe."

"What did you say?" persisted Irving.

"I said it was like an old boot."

Electrically Ripened Bananas.

An English electrical expert has discovered a means of ripening bananas to order. The bunches are hung in an air tight glass case in which are a number of electric lights. The artificial light and heat hasten the ripening process in proportion to the number of lights turned on. Records have been made which enable the operators to make delivery of any desired quantities at any agreed time.—Popular Mechanics.

UMBRELLA AND SHOES.

Their Importance in the Eyes of the Indian Native.

India is so vast that different etiquettes prevail in different districts. We have no standard etiquette, no standard dress. We mostly copy European etiquette while with Europeans. Even a Bengalee shakes hands with a Bengalee, speaks in English for a few minutes and then breaks forth into a vernacular. We shake hands with a European on parting, but by mistake again touch the hand to the brow in a salutation, so we both shake hands, salutation and do the like, and no sober minded European ever cared for the anomaly.

The umbrella is the emblem of royalty, the sign of a rajah, so natives generally fold their umbrellas before a rajah and not before anybody else, however great. It is not a part of the dress, but a protection from the rain or sun, a necessary appendage. Just like the watch and chain. You might as well ask a European to take off his waterproof coat. A coolie is not bound to fold his umbrella when a brigadier general rides past. But a menial generally closes down the umbrella on seeing his master, whom he considers his king. But no Indian, however humble, ought to fold up the umbrella, even before a magistrate, because he is neither the master of the humble passerby nor his superior officer, nor is he bound to salutation him. But if he does, no harm. In a word, natives generally fold the umbrella before a master or a superior officer and not any other citizen, however great, and this is no insult.

While going to see a native chief in his palace the native visitor or official takes off his shoes if the reception room has a farash and the rajah is sitting on his musnud. But if he is received in the drawing room, furnished after the European style, the shoes are allowed. In some states no natives can go to a rajah without a purgare. In others the purgare is taken off and tossed at the feet of a rajah.

It is ridiculous in a European (from the Hindoo point of view) to order a native to take off his shoes. This is what we ask our priest to do, so that we may touch the dust of his feet. A musnud when mildly rebuked by his snail took off his shoes, but recounted the whole scene to his better half, saying, "Sala lamara gor ka guru leway maghna!" ("The brother-in-law wants the dust of my feet.")—Indian Military Gazette.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man ever landed a particularly easy position by trying to dodge work. Almost every man imagines he would do a lot of philanthropic stunts if he had the money.

Why is it that the people with nothing to do but sit around and visit are such dreadful bores?

Some people imagine that by being impudent they are showing others they are "as good as anybody."

When a father and son are in business the son can usually tell of a lot of mistakes his father makes.

Almost any married man can make his friends smile by saying he is perfectly free to do as he pleases.

When the carbolic acid bottle finds itself next to the cough medicine on the shelf, Death stops sharpening his scythe to lean back and be merry.—Aitchison Globe.

"Checkmate." "Checkmate!" "The shah is dead." "Shah!" In fact, entered our language long ago via Arabic and old French, arriving in the form of "check." "Chess" is really "checks," kings, and the cry of "check!" means your king is in danger, hence the verb and substantive "check" in all their English meanings—"check," which was originally the counterfoil of a bill that served to "check" fraud; "checkered," from the aspect of the chessboard, and "exchequer," from the checkered pattern of the tablecloth on which the king's accounts were kept with counters. All these we owe to the Persian sovereign's title.—London Chronicle.

The Bosnian Roasting Jack.

A curious variety of the old fashioned roasting jack is used by the peasants of Bosnia and Herzegovina when roasting sheep whole, as on the occasion of a wedding ceremony. One often sees near a running stream a long pole having one end revolving freely in a socketed peg, while the other, overhanging the water, is equipped with miniature paddles. This is the Bosnian roasting jack. The sheep to be cooked is impaled on the log, a fire is lit underneath, and while the current spins the paddles and the pole merely round the big joint is cooked literally to a turn.—Wide World Magazine.

Why She Was Pleased.

Tess—Did Mr. Boreen ever call on you? Jess—Yes; he called last evening. I was quite delighted when the girl brought up his card. Tess—Oh, come now. You weren't really delighted? Jess—Certainly. You see, if she hadn't brought up his card I might have gone down to him, thinking it was some one else.—Philadelphia Press.

What Is "All Wool?"

I have met a comely magnate, a wealthy man who would not be put off with anything but the best, if he knew it, clad in a handsome "homespun" suit, the delicate blue gray mixture of which I happened to know was produced by the jumbleton blending of old blue stockings, such as navies wear with old white stockings. I have seen a "society" lady in a stylish "blanket" motor coat, the composition of which I knew to be of such a nature that it might very easily owe its existence in part to the cast-off history of her own scullery maid, collected from the ash bin. Even the judge trying a case of "misrepresentation of goods," may, as likely as not, be unconsciously sitting in somebody else's thrown away rags that he has bought as "all wool."—A Woolen Manufacturer in Grand Magazine.

IMITATION PEARLS.

They May Be Detected by the Hole Drilled Through Them.

The means of ascertaining the genuineness of pearls, which are frequently imitated with marvelous skill, is especially important to the layman, even though the jeweler may quickly detect them. Imitations are usually lighter than real pearls and generally are brittle, although some are made solid of fish scales and do not break so easily, while the holes, which in the real pearl are drilled very small and have a sharp edge, are in the false larger and have a blunt edge. As a rule, the imitation pearls are like hollow spheres of glass colored internally with a coating imitating the orient of natural pearl.

The manufacture of these articles embraces two series of operations—the production of the sphere and the introduction of coloring. The spheres are produced by the glassblower, who by aid of an enameled lamp softens the extremity of a tube when the substance is of the right consistency. In this way are obtained very regular little spheres that serve for the composition of the ordinary quality of false pearls.

In the more beautiful imitations the tube employed is slightly opalescent, and the glassblower, besides, gives to the little spheres while they are yet malleable certain slight perceptible inequalities of surface by gently tapping them with a small iron bar. This gives them a still greater resemblance to natural pearls, which are very seldom absolutely regular.—Exchange.

WEIGHT OF PLANETS.

It Is the Mass of the Body That Counts With the Astronomer.

If a ham weighing thirty pounds were taken up to the moon and weighed there, the "pull"—the attractive force of the moon upon the ham—would amount to only five pounds. There would be another weight of the ham for the planet Mars and yet another on the sun. A ham weighing thirty pounds at New York ought to weigh some 800 pounds on the sun's surface; hence the astronomer does not speak of the weight of a planet, because that would depend upon the place where it was weighed. But he speaks of the mass of the planet, which means how much planet there is, no matter where it might be weighed.

At the same time we might, without any inexactness, agree that the weight of a heavenly body should be fixed by the weight it would have in New York. As we could not imagine a planet in New York, because it may be larger than the earth itself, what we are to imagine is this: Suppose the planet could be divided into a million million million equal parts and one of these parts brought to New York and weighed. We could easily find its weight in pounds or tons. Then multiply this by a million million million, and we shall have a weight of the planet. This would be equivalent to what astronomers might take as the mass of the planet.—Current Literature.

A Use For His Hat.

A funny incident of a drawing room meeting was recently noticed. A grave looking gentleman, with an unusually tall hat, entered and, seeing no rack in the hall, placed his hat on the floor just behind the door. Pretty soon another grave man entered, with a large, dripping umbrella, and, peering anxiously for the usual receptacle, saw in the gloom the hat resting on the floor. His eyesight was probably poor, for he mistook it for one of the new umbrella holders, and in it he deposited his dripping umbrella. This was an example for those who followed, and in a short time the solemn looking hat was stanchly holding a dozen umbrellas. At the end of the meeting the water in the hat was an inch in depth.—London Tit-Bits.

A Thirsty Cat.

"Perhaps you think the old water in the milk pail has been worked to death, but I've found a new variation of it," said a south side man recently. "You know, I have a small negro girl as a nurse for my children, and one of her duties is to tell stories to the kids just before bedtime. They always listen intently to what she says, and last night I decided to listen too. This is what I heard:

"An' de cat, she got thirsty, an' got thirstier an' mo' thirsty, an' finally she went to a pan of milk sitta' in de pantry to get a drink ob watah."

"I told the story to our milkman this morning, and he didn't laugh at all."—Kansas City Times.

Absentminded.

The judge was at dinner in the new household, according to the Philadelphia Ledger, when the young housekeeper asked:

"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, judge?"

"No," replied the judge. "I never did, but I dare say they deserve it."

Department.

The new steamer was on its first trip, with a lot of landlubbers on board. "Isn't she behaving beautifully, captain?" In this heavy sea? exclaimed an enthusiastic marine reporter.

"Yes, sir," said the gruff captain; "a great deal better, sir, than the passengers are."—Chicago Tribune.

Does Your Girl Swim?

Welder—Can the girl you are engaged to swim? Singleton—I don't know. But why do you ask? Welder—Because if she can you ought to be happy. A girl who can swim can keep her mouth shut.—Buffalo Commercial.

Those Wicked Clubs.

Doctor (to wife whose husband is ill)—Is not your husband a hypocrite? Wife—Oh, doctor, he doesn't belong to any society at all!—Megendorfer Blatter.

It is better to lose all in the search for good than to be content with the worst.—Van Dyke.

BIG CARNATIONS.

They Were Cultivated in England in Shakespeare's Time.

A florist says that we pride ourselves nowadays on the size of our carnations, but the florists of 300 years ago grew carnations three to four inches across, as large as any that we see, and thought nothing of it.

All through Spain, southern France and Italy the carnation is the favorite flower and has been for hundreds of years, but along the Mediterranean there are few glass houses, for in protected situations and on southern slopes of hills even delicate flowers grow outdoors all winter long and bloom as freely at Christmas as in July.

The big carnations, however, were not grown in Spain or Italy, but in England outdoors during the summer time and before glass houses were known. They may have grown just as large carnation flowers in Spain as in England at that time, but in England there was record made of the fact and also of the size, while in Spain there was not. Shakespeare mentions carnations and gillyflowers, or July flowers, together as blooming at the same season, which shows that the carnation was then a summer flower, whereas in our greenhouses it is now a winter bloomer. How the florists of those days treated the plants to obtain blooms of such size nobody knows, for old time florists grew flowers instead of writing books about them. So all we know is that they had very large carnations in Queen Elizabeth's time without knowing how they were grown.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

New Zealanders Dig For Kauri Gum In the Ground.

Many New Zealanders find it profitable to dig for hidden treasure. That for which they dig, however, is not gold or Captain Kidd's ill gotten wealth, though it has a dull yellow color. It is kauri gum, a resinous substance which is the product of the kauri pine tree. The gum can be secured from the trunks of trees while they are alive, for it protrudes in lumps, but it is especially profitable to dig for it in the soil about the stumps remaining after the trees have been cut down. Sometimes chunks weighing as much as 100 pounds are taken up from the ground.

Digging for kauri gum is profitable, for the gum is used in the manufacture of varnish, and apparently it is one of those products of nature whose place cannot be filled by anything else which has yet been discovered. It has been found that it can be used in certain enamel paints, and this has had the effect of bringing the demand up to a point above the supply.

The kauri pine is a magnificent tree. It rises as straight as a needle to a height of from 150 to 200 feet and attains at times a diameter of fifteen feet. It is noted for its dark, dense foliage and is much used for masts for vessels constructed for the British navy.

Chewing and Dyspepsia.

The lean dyspeptic, taking a mouthful of chop, chewed it interminably. "Forty chews," he paused to say, "for every bite." And his jaws began to grind again.

"You make me laugh," his companion, a physiologist, returned. "Meat requires little, if any, chewing. You must have wasted a lot of chews in your time."

"Go on!"

"It's true. Vegetables require chewing, for they are digested largely by the alkaline mouth juices, but meat is digested by the acid stomach juices, and to chew it more than enough to make it go down easily does harm instead of good. The mouth alkalis, admixing with it, hinder the stomach acids' work."

"Chew vegetables indefatigably, my friend, but let your meat slip down unground."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Word "Idiot."

"Idiot" is a word with a curious history. In Greek "idiotes" began by meaning a private individual, as opposed to the state or to a state official; then it meant a nonexpert or layman and finally an ignorant man or an awkward fellow. It was left for English to carry the meaning further to mental deficiency. In "Urs Ploymen" an "idiot" is an ignorant person, and as late as 1693 it could mean a person who knew only one language. Wycliff and Jeremy Taylor used it in the sense of "layman," and the latter also in that of "private person." And a professional "fool" or jester was at one time an "idiot" too.

Where Her Father Was.

The daughter of the house had just returned from boarding school. Her finishing branches had made her a little sensitive.

"Is your father out in the wood shed splitting wood?" the caller asked her.

"No," replied the haughty girl; "he is at the town meeting splitting ill-natives."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Liquid Spirits.

"I don't give money to tramps. What do you do for a living?"

"Please, mum, I work for the Society of Psychological Research."

"Indeed! And what work do you do for the society, pray?"

"I help in the investigation of material spirits."—Baltimore American.

Hard Knocks often help to make the man, but he will encounter plenty of them without purposely getting in the way of the rock as it comes rolling down the hill.—Macomb Eagle.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. F. Fitch

18 and 20 Kline's Wharf, New York, N. Y.

Last Call!

We have sold out the

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Price of Coke

From June 15, 1903.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels, \$4.50

18 bushels, \$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels, \$3.50

The Flag of the Constellation.

(Words by T. Buchanan Hill, Florence, Italy, May, 1861.)
(Air: "Sparkling and Bright.")

The stars of our morn on our banner borne
With the iris of heaven are blended.
The hands of our first and adopted statesmen,
By us they shall be defended.

Chorus.

Then hail the true—the Red, White, and Blue,
The flag of the Constellation,
It salutes us, by our forefathers hailed,
O'er battles that made us a nation.

What hand so bold to strike from its fold
One star or stripe of its brightening;
To him be each star a fiery star,
Each stripe a terrible lightning.

Then hail the true, etc.

Its meteor form shall ride the storm
All the darts of foes surrender;
The storm gone by, it shall gladden the sky,
As a rainbow of peace and of splendor.

Then hail the true, etc.

Peace, peace to the world—It our motto un-
derlies;
The war which is a fearful thing is over;
At home or abroad, feeling none but our God,
We will curve our own pathway to glory.

Then hail the true, etc.

—From Patriotic and Naval Songster. Com-
piled by Rear Admiral S. B. Luce.

It Worked a Cure.

A certain clergyman in Richmond, says Success, has had in his employ for so long a time a negro named Julian that the latter had come to regard himself as something of a confidential advisor to the divine.

Early one Sunday morning the pastor awoke feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt at breakfast, he summoned his faithful servant, saying:

"Julian, I want you to go to my assistant, Mr. Blank, and tell him that, as I am unwell, he will officiate for me in this morning's service."

At this Julian demurred, and, after some argument, persuaded his master that he would feel better if he officiated as usual. This the latter did, and, as predicted by the darky, he did return home feeling much better.

"You're better, huh?" asked the servant, meeting his master at the door.

"Very much better; thank you, Julian."

The darky grinned. "What did I tell you, huh? I knowed you would be all right just as soon as you got that sermon under your system."

A Pertinent Question.

Richard Harding Davis was talking in New York about the life of a reporter.

"A hard life it is," he said. "It is a life that taxes all the energies. I don't care how great a genius a man might be, how resourceful, how persevering, how alert, all these qualities would be brought in play if the man turned reporter, and on many a good story he would still fall down at last."

"Reporters are often accused. There is a stupid type of man that likes to snub them. Such a man, a bank president, once tried to snub my friend, Jimmy Patterson."

"The bank had gone up through a defalcation, and Jimmy went to interview its head. But its head was crusty. He refused to be interviewed. He took Jimmy by the arm and led him toward the door."

"Young man," he said, "I always make it a rule to mind my own business."

"Were you doing that, said Jimmy, when the cashier made his haul?"

His Last Words.

Rear Admiral Coghlan, commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, whose reputation as a relator of good stories has increased each time he has spoken at a dinner, told a story a few nights ago which was given to illustrate his distaste for being the last speaker.

"Having the last word," the rear admiral said, "reminds me of a story I heard not long ago."

"A certain man died and a clergyman was engaged to offer a eulogy. This worthy minister prepared a sermon of exceeding length and strength, but just before he entered the pulpit to deliver it he thought that it might be advisable to learn what the dead man's last words had been. So he turned to one of the weeping younger sons and asked:

"My boy, can you tell me your father's last words?"

"He didn't have none," the boy replied. "Ma was with him to the end."

—New York Tribune.

The Horse's Difficulty.

J. G. Phelps Stokes has withdrawn his support from the Young Men's Christian association because in some of its classes business methods of a very worldly description are taught.

"The association," said Mr. Phelps Stokes recently, "attempts to give good reasons for teaching the tactics of Wall Street. It attempts to reconcile such teachings with its Christian character. On the whole it fails in this."

"It fails like the huckster who attempted to account for the miserable condition of the horse."

"Why," said a woman to the man, "your horse is a living skeleton. Don't you ever feed him?"

"Feed him?" said the huckster. "Well, that's a good one, that is. Why, he's got two bushels of oats and a ton of hay at home now, only he ain't got time to eat 'em."

Why She Was Mad.

"Foreign relations," said Senator (William) recently, "are delicate things and must be handled delicately."

"Foreign relations, in fact, remind me of a newly married couple I heard about the other day."

"Their life had been very happy for a year. Not a cloud had marred their perfect felicity. Then one morning the wife came down to breakfast morose and wretched."

"She was snappish with her husband. She would hardly speak to him. And for a long time she refused to explain her unwelcome conduct."

"Finally, though, the young man in-quiring that he be told why his wife was treating him so badly, she looked up, with tears in her eyes, and said:

"John Smith, if I dream again that you have kissed another woman I won't speak to you again as long as I live."

Equal Misfortunes.

Sympathetic Friend.—Do you notice how badly Popkin looks? He told me that for nights in succession he walked the floor in mental agony.

"Heartless Gypsy—Which was it? Peculation from his employers or teaching baby?"—Baltimore American.

He Was Raised.

A year ago, a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing unlikable about him except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want my pay raised?"

"What are you getting?"

"Three dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yes, sir; and I've been thinking so for three weeks, but I've been so blamed busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."—Army and Navy Life.

The First Time.

One of the brightest and nicest little patients in the surgical ward of one of the big city hospitals lay on her bed mourning with pain. She had just come to consciousness after a slight operation, and though only five years old was exhibiting heroic nerve.

Yet she couldn't keep from occasional low cries. She was the sort of child who hates above all things to give trouble, and when one of the nurses stopped before her, and, as she thought, looked a bit reproachfully down at her, she explained between the paroxysms, with a piteous smile:

"Oh, Miss Smith, I can't help it, I can't help it, I'm not used to operations."—New York Sun.

His Specialty.

Young Foley looked so downcast that the marketman asked why he carried such a long face.

"Fired," returned Foley, concisely.

"Fired?" repeated the marketman.

"Give me any reason for doing it?"

"Yes," Foley said with the air of a martyr. "The boss said he was losing money on the things I was making."

"Is that so? What were you making?"

"Mistakes."—Youth's Companion.

An Unpardonable Offense.

"Why do you hate him so?"

"He and I were lovers once, and we quarrelled."

"Was that all?"

"No. He came to me, and we both acknowledged that we were partly wrong. Then we agreed to forgive and forget."

"Yes?"

"He has forgotten."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How Susy Began.

Susy began the biography in 1885 when I was in the fifth year of my age, and she just entering the fourteenth of hers. She begins in this way:

"We are a very happy family. We consist of papa, mamma, Jean, Clara and me. It is papa I am writing about and I shall have no trouble in not knowing what to say about him as he is a very striking character."—Mark Twain's Autobiography in North American Review.

Fruitless Concession.

"I hear that you called me a land shark," said the real estate dealer, hotly.

"Yes," said the customer, "and I desire to apologize for it. The lota you sold me are under water at high tide. You're really a marine shark."

However, even this concession did not seem to restore the entente cordiale. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Striking Advice.

Mrs. Anxious (mother of two marriageable daughters)—Really, I don't know whether to send Grace and Ethel to the seashore or the mountains this summer. What do you advise?

Mrs. Knowling—Well, I would advise Sulphur Springs for a change. Sulphur, you know, is one of the principal requisites in matchmaking."

Troy Budget.

Charm of Uncertainty.

"There is a lot of excitement in running an automobile," said the cheerful citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who smells of gasoline, "it gives life the charm of uncertainty. You never know whether you are going to be late for dinner or early at the emergency hospital."—Washington Star.

Clerical Confidences.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—I hope you are not as much annoyed as I am by persons in your congregation coughing.

The Rev. K. Mowatt Lightly—Coughing? Do you consider that an annoyance, brother? I wish my congregation would do a little more of it. My collection last Sunday morning amounted to only one dollar and thirty-seven cents.

Her Interpretation.

"Suits to protect cattle," she read aloud; "now, isn't that nice of the Government? I suppose they will furnish each of the poor, dear cows a blanket."

Satisfied with this glimpse at the news of the great world, she turned to the realities of the fashion column. —Philadelphia Ledger.

The Resemblance.

She—Fashionable golf society must be something like Wall Street.

He—I fail to see any resemblance.

She—Don't they both make much of "puts" and calls?—Baltimore American.

"Of course, she doesn't like discussions about eggs."

"No, usually when she's questioned about here she just says nothing but 'hew law.'"

"Yes; or if she says anything she lies low."—Philadelphia Press.

Chairman—I'm sure we be all very sorry our Secretary is not here to-night. I cannot say we miss his vacant chair; but I do say we miss his vacant face.—Punch.

"How old are you?"

"I have been sixteen years."

"How long have you been blind?"

Wiener Saltzbohl.

THE DETECTIVE STORY

Origin and Growth of the Clever Amateur Sleuth.

VOLTAIRE WAS HIS CREATOR.

The Great French Writer Introduced Him to the World of Fiction—The Genius of Poe and Gaboriau and Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

Most persons who read detective stories, and most literary critics, too, believe that this very popular form of fiction was invented by Edgar Allan Poe. They point to his story of "The Purloined Letter" as being the first of its kind—the first in which is introduced the man of keen mind, of close reasoning and of constructive imagination, who is able to piece together certain facts that are known and then by brilliant deduction to pass from them to other facts which are not known, but the truth of which he is able to establish beyond a doubt.

Poe himself had a tincture precisely of this character—the mind of a mathematician, subtle, logical and capable of searching analysis. He once gave a remarkable illustration of what he could do as an investigator of mysterious crime. A young shopgirl named Mary Rogers was found murdered under circumstances which excited great public interest in New York.

The police were completely baffled, though they advanced a theory which was plausible in part. Poe, taking the facts that were admitted, wove them into a story, the scene of which he laid in Paris and which he called "The Mystery of Marie Roget." Then from what was known he passed by deductive reasoning to what was quite unknown and worked out a solution to the puzzle which no professional detective had been able to explain.

Years afterward the confession of a dying man afforded proof that Poe was right and that he had reconstructed accurately the whole series of events which led to the death of Mary Rogers.

This remarkable achievement fixed in the public mind the notion that this use of logic blended with imagination was original with Poe. As a matter of fact, it is almost certain that Poe, who was deeply versed in French literature, got the suggestion of the method from reading certain passages in the oriental tale called "Zadig" by Voltaire.

In this book a young man is questioned as to whether he had seen a stray dog and horse that might have passed him on his journey. In reply he describes very accurately the peculiarities of both, though he had not seen them. He had deduced his knowledge from observing certain indications along the way—the nature of the footprints and many other signs which the ordinary person would either not have noticed or would have been too dull to understand. Here is really the germ of the conception which Poe so brilliantly elaborated in the story of "The Purloined Letter," where we find exhibited the striking contrast between the working of a usual mind and the achievements of a mind of exceptional power and training.

Poe's central figure, the amateur detective, was afterward caught up and elaborated with great effect by several French writers, of whom the chief was Emile Gaboriau. Gaboriau gave the world the character of M. Lecoq in the remarkable novel of that name. Lecoq is a professional detective, but appears in that book as a novice, inexperienced, but full of intelligence and enthusiasm and obliged to work out his clues against the secret opposition of his official chief, Gevrot, who is jealous of the young detective. In the background is the interesting figure of the real amateur detective, old Father Time-Clair ("Bring-to-light"), a retired tradesman who studies crime from sheer love of the intellectual puzzle which it affords him and which he solves by purely scientific deduction.

Sir Conan Doyle in creating Sherlock Holmes openly acknowledged his great indebtedness to Poe. Like Poe's hero, Holmes works apart from the official police and is consulted by them when they are wholly at a loss. Many of the incidents in the Holmes cycle of stories were suggested by the inventions of Poe. Yet it is only fair to say that Doyle has gone one step further than his master. Poe's characters are abstractions. They are like chessmen on the board and excite interest only because of the complexity of the problem which they are made to solve. Doyle's characters, on the other hand, are drawn with sympathy and a shrewd insight into human nature. They entertain us by their whims and individual traits no less than by the adventures through which they pass.

Thus Holmes' addiction to the cocaine habit, his trick of smoking great quantities of shag tobacco when thinking out a problem, his dislike of women, his skill as a boxer—in fact, a score of traits all give him individuality and make us think of him as a fascinating character quite apart from his powers as a deductive reasoner. And it is so with the minor personages as well—Watson, the somewhat obtuse chronicler of the adventures; Lestrade and Gregson of the official police and Moriarty, the arch criminal.

But, however brilliant Poe may have been, or however ingeniously Gaboriau may have spun tangled plots, or however ably Conan Doyle may have given life and reality to the central figure of his stories, they all derive their inspiration, whether consciously or not, from the clever tale told by the famous Frenchman before Poe saw the light.—Scamp Book.

Was Hamlet Fat?

Was Hamlet fat or slender? M. Catulle Mendès, who held the latter view, was nearly killed by a sword thrust of M. Vauot, who leaned to the latter view. Unfortunately the rapier only pierced the skin of the duellists and not the mystery which was the cause of the dispute.—Pierre Leroy in Paris Revue Generale.

THE BOMBMAKER.

He Makes an Apparently Harmless Letter a Deadly Machine.

So expert are bombmakers nowadays that an apparently harmless letter may kill any person who tries to open it. A piece of cardboard is cut to a size which, when folded over, will fit into an ordinary envelope. The four corners of this are slit into narrow strips. Fulminate of mercury is spread over three of the slits, and the sheet is folded and fastened together. Projecting from each side of the folded sheet is a little metal strip, or detonator, glued to the cardboard in such a manner that the envelope cannot be opened without striking one of them. Upon meeting this slight resistance the liquid moving the paper cutter instinctively pushes harder, and the result is an explosion that either kills or maims.

The easiest bomb to construct is set in operation by simply turning it upside down. It is usually a good sized cracker box, lined with paper and half filled with a mixture of chlorate of potassium and ordinary sugar. Into this a bottle of a powerful acid is introduced. The remainder of the space in the box is filled with scraps of metal. Then the lid is soldered on.

All that is then necessary is to place the box upside down at the spot in which it is to explode. The acid eats quickly through the cork of the bottle and comes in contact with the chlorate of potassium. As a result of the chemical combination which takes place there is a terrific explosion.—Chicago News.

THE ESPOUSAL.

Ancient Ceremony of the Mutual Promise of Marriage.

The first part of the matrimonial office was anciently termed the espousal, which took place some time prior to the actual celebration of marriage. These espousals consisted in a mutual promise of marriage, which was made by the man and woman before the bishop or presbyter and several witnesses.

After them the articles of agreement of marriage, called tabulae matrimoniales, which are mentioned by Augustine, were signed by both persons. After this the man delivered to the woman the ring and other gifts, an action which was termed subarratation. In the latter ages the espousals have always been performed at the same time as the office of matrimony in all the churches abroad, and it has long been customary for the ring to be delivered to the woman after the contract has been made, which has always been in the actual office of matrimony.

The ring is a special token of spousage. In some of the old manuals for the use of foreign cathedrals before the minister proceeds to the marriage he is directed to ask the woman's dowry—viz, the tokens of spousage—and by these tokens of spousage are to be understood rings or money or some other things to be given to the woman by the man, which giving is called wedding or covenanting, especially when it is done by the giving of a ring.—New York Tribune.

Knew Him at Once.

There are other sure ways of bringing a man to mind besides mentioning his name. Among the candidates who were sent from Princeton to a Philadelphia church was one young man whose language was of the sort which dazzles and delights the younger members of a congregation and sometimes pleases the elders as well. In this case the committee were besieged to ask for the young man again, and they consented, but unfortunately the man to whom lot it fell to write the letter had forgotten the candidate's name. Nothing daunted, he wrote to one of the seminary professors:

"Please send us that floweret, streamlet, pinnlet, cloudlet, starlight and moonbeam young man again. We've forgotten his name, but we've no doubt you'll recognize him."

"We do," wrote the professor. And the desired candidate was sent and subsequently was called to the parish.

To Extract Essence From Flowers.

Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers that smell sweet and fragrant. Take thin pieces of muslin or fine linen and after having dipped them in good Lucca oil or Florence oil place them as layers between the petals. Sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers and put a layer of linen and a layer of flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top over with oil silk or parchment, then lay the vessel in a south aspect in the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.

Stage Dressmaking.

On plays are for the most part overdressed, with extravagance, vulgarity and inappropriateness obtaining in place of artistic fitness. The new costumes have to some extent frequently undone the results of undress rehearsals, the actresses no longer representing the drama as they did before the dressmaker sent home their gowns, while the variety of their impersonations is swamped by the uniformity of their fashions.—A. W. Pinero in Cosmopolitan.

Inconsistency.

"What is inconsistency?" asked the curious one.

"Well," responded the wise one, "it is that spirit which moves a woman whose sleeves stop at the elbow to scold her husband because he hasn't any cuffs on."—Chicago News.

Dickens' Interest In Inns.

"Pickwick" is the very *Olympos* of Inns and travel, for the youthful Dickens had traversed England as a reporter, and in "Pickwick" alone no fewer than fifty-five inns, taverns, etc., in London and the provinces are mentioned and often described at length.—London Chronicle.

The Change She Wanted.

Stella—Do you advocate changes in spelling? Bella—Only, Miss, to Mrs. Titt-Bits.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments and the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

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THE SPANISH ESCURIAL.

It Is a Marvelous Specimen of Ancient Architecture.

The Escorial, the palace of the Spanish king, an architectural marvel, formerly described as the "eighth wonder of the world," is now seldom spoken of even by those who are ready to go wild over much less pretentious structures. The cornerstone of this "Spanish St. Peter's" was laid by Philip II. in 1563, but it was 302 years (1865) before the magnificent building was pronounced finished. It was built by Philip in fulfillment of a vow to "erect the finest monastery in the world" should his forces be successful in their great battle with the French. That battle was fought at St. Quentin on Aug. 10, 1557, St. Lawrence day, and in order to honor that saint as well as to fulfill his vow the king had the foundation of his great memorial laid off in the shape of a gridiron, the implement of torture upon which the goodly Lawrence is reputed to have suffered martyrdom.

To those who have never visited the Escorial the size of the gigantic structure is beyond comprehension. It is 740 feet from north to south and 580½ feet from east to west, the square towers at each corner rising to a height of over 200 feet. Within this monstrous building are the king's palace, a cathedral, a monastery of 200 cells, two colleges, three chapter houses, three libraries, five large halls, six dormitories, three hospitals and over 3,000 other rooms. In order to make St. Lawrence's gridiron complete, the building is built in quadrangular form, with seventeen rows or ranges of monstrous stone structures crossing each other at right angles, these forming the gridiron's ribs, the handle being a wing 470 feet in length. The church, which is a part of this vast pile of masonry, is 361 feet long, 230 feet wide, with a dome 230 feet in height. It is estimated that the building cost \$50,000,000.

There are other sure ways of bringing a man to mind besides mentioning his name. Among the candidates who were sent from Princeton to a Philadelphia church was one young man whose language was of the sort which dazzles and delights the younger members of a congregation and sometimes pleases the elders as well. In this case the committee were besieged to ask for the young man again, and they consented, but unfortunately the man to whom lot it fell to write the letter had forgotten the candidate's name. Nothing daunted, he wrote to one of the seminary professors:

"Please send us that floweret, streamlet, pinnlet, cloudlet, starlight and moonbeam young man again. We've forgotten his name, but we've no doubt you'll recognize him."

"We do," wrote the professor. And the desired candidate was sent and subsequently was called to the parish.

To Extract Essence From Flowers.

Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers that smell sweet and fragrant. Take thin pieces of muslin or fine linen and after having dipped them in good Lucca oil or Florence oil place them as layers between the petals. Sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers and put a layer of linen and a layer of flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top over with oil silk or parchment, then lay the vessel in a south aspect in the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.

Stage Dressmaking.

On plays are for the most part overdressed, with extravagance, vulgarity and inappropriateness obtaining in place of artistic fitness. The new costumes have to some extent frequently undone the results of undress rehearsals, the actresses no longer representing the drama as they did before the dressmaker sent home their gowns, while the variety of their impersonations is swamped by the uniformity of their fashions.—A. W. Pinero in Cosmopolitan.

Inconsistency.

"What is inconsistency?" asked the curious one.

"Well," responded the wise one, "it is that spirit which moves a woman whose sleeves stop at the elbow to scold her husband because he hasn't any cuffs on."—Chicago News.

Dickens' Interest In Inns.

"Pickwick" is the very *Olympos* of Inns and travel, for the youthful Dickens had traversed England as a reporter, and in "Pickwick" alone no fewer than fifty-five inns, taverns, etc., in London and the provinces are mentioned and often described at length.—London Chronicle.

The Change She Wanted.

Stella—Do you advocate changes in spelling? Bella—Only, Miss, to Mrs. Titt-Bits.

Where Snow Falls.

If you are not a lover of snow, go to Malin, which is the nearest spot where you are certain of complete immunity. If you are fond of it, the suburbs of St. Petersburg will furnish all you need to ask, for there you may be sure of it for 170 days in the year. The happy medium is supplied by Copenhagen, with thirty days, while Palermo, Rome and Venice, with one, two and five days respectively, may be recommended to those who merely care for snow as a casual and fleeting guest.—London Chronicle.

His Suggestion.

"That young woman is not intelligent, amiable or even decently courteous."

"Oh, but her father is worth a million dollars."

"Then I think

The Dog's Unique Death.

Champ Clarke relates the experience of a western politician who was making a house-to-house canvass some years ago.

This politician, says Harper's Weekly, had come to a prosperous-looking farmhouse at a crossroad, when he observed a comely young woman standing at the gate. Putting up his horse, the candidate for the people's favor gracefully lifted his hat in salute to the young woman and politely asked, "No doubt, madam, your estimable husband had been well."

"Yes," responded the woman.
"Might I have the pleasure of seeing him?" scavengely inquired the politician.
"He's down in the pasture a buryin' the dog," came from the individual at the gate.
"I am very sorry indeed to learn of the death of your dog," came in sympathizing tone from the candidate.
"What killed him?"
"He were himself out a-barkin' at candidates," said the woman.

Perfectly Satisfied.

"I don't wish to take up your time," he caller said, "unless you think it is likely I might interest you in the subject of life insurance."

"Well," replied the man at the desk, "I'll not deny that I have been thinking about it lately. Go ahead. I'll listen to you."

Whereupon the caller talked to him forty-five minutes without a stop.

"And now," he said at last, "are you satisfied that our company is one of the best and that our plan of doing business is thoroughly safe?"

"Yes?"

"Have I convinced you that we furnish as good an insurance as any other company and at rates as cheap as you can get anywhere?"

"Yes, I am perfectly satisfied with that you say—perfectly satisfied."

"Well, don't you want to take out a policy with us?"

"Me? Oh, no! I'm a life insurance agent myself. I thought I might be able to get some tips from you!"—Chicago Journal.

Eager for Knowledge.

She had just returned from the sick-board, where for five minutes she had been demonstrating a "sum," which to her very youthful pupils seemed difficult.

"Now, children, you are perfectly sure that you understand?"

There was a murmur of assent.

"Do any of you wish to ask a ques-

In the back of the room a small hand was raised aloft. The teacher, looking to the earnestly eager face, felt that glow of satisfaction which we all experience in assisting a budding intellect.

"What is it, Annie? What do you wish to know?"

"Miss M——, are your teeth false?"

demanded the earnest little seeker in a

Cleveland Tired of Him.

When Grover Cleveland was practi-

As just Cleveland became tired of it, so was a young lawyer, who, though a right fellow, was rather inclined to business. He was forever bothering Cleveland about points of law rather than look them up himself.

Entered in, Cleveland knew what he wanted and, getting up, pointed to his checkbook and said: "There are my checks. You are welcome to them; you can cash them on your own way."

"The fellow was caught, but he rose on the occasion. 'See here, Grover Cleveland,' he said. 'I want you to understand I don't read law. I price entirely by ear, and you and your folks can be thunder.'"

Took No Chances.

On one occasion, relates Harper's weekly, after all the evidence was in, the principal's attorney had made

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the
 rt. "I don't see no use in your pro-
 tin." Mr. Brown. I have got a very
 idea now of the guilt of the pris-

Following grammar:

Prof. Lounsbury, discussing the question of simple English, said at Yale yesterday afternoon:
There was a little boy who began to

up, indeed! Does the sun get up?

And she scratched out 'Got up at 7,' wrote 'Rose at 7' in its place. That night the boy, before retiring, led the entry for the day, with the sentence, 'Set at 9 o'clock.' — Harper's

The Contrast.

What on earth are you doing that boy?" asked a senator who came along just in time to find the man.

"Are you going to fight a goat?"
"Aw, nah, I's doin' it cause it feels
good when I don't."—Rochester
ocrat and Chronicle.

he slums of New York, when I knew them as a police reporter, disheartening, indeed. To clean seemed as hopeless as cleaning a worn stable. It was like the case

Jackie,' said this boy's mother, 'face is fairly clean, but how did he get such dirty hands?'

"What ye got aboard?" called the walloper on Mt. Ararat as the ark alongside.

moment later the sailboats stepped
the gangplank two by two,—
and Plain Dealer.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as possible.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1907.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Other children of John West and first wife Mary were:

128. John West, b. Nov. 1734; buried March 29, 1748.

129. Asher West, b. Dec. 1736; marriage license dated Apr. 6, 1758, with Anne Ellis, both of Shrewsbury, N. J.; they had daughters, Elizabeth and Rebekah West, baptized Aug. 28, 1768.

Judge Clement's "First Settlers of New York" gives three of the name of Ellis in Burlington Co., N. J., one being Thomas Ellis who came in 1677 from Burlington, Yorkshire, England, and William Ellis of Turnstall, Holderness, Yorkshire, England, who in 1677, bought 1-6 of a share of land in New Jersey, and in 1683 he came to Burlington Co., N. J. William's brother, Simon Ellis, purchased land in Burlington, N. J. in 1691, Simon Ellis making his will March 26, 1715, in which he mentions his wife Sarah, and children Thomas, Simon, Jonathan, Sarah, Joseph, William and Mary Ellis; mentions home farm of 300 acres, between John Kay (who married a daughter of Samuel Spicer and wife Ester (Ellen) Spicer), as mentioned under will of Ester (Ellen) Spicer and brother Thomas Ellis, and 300 acres adjoining; mentions 340 acres.

William Ellis made his will April 3, 1692, of Burlington Co., N. J., and gives 50 acres to Michael Biffin (whose wife was Christina Chapman, who had 100 acres bequeathed her by Bernard Littlejohn, deceased, husband of her sister Mary, the wife of Joseph Adams, her second husband, Mary's first husband being Bernard Littlejohn, who left Mary, his wife, 100 acres; and Adams bought the second hundred acres from Michael Biffin and his wife, as found in N. J. Archives Vol. 21, p. 450), and to his daughter Mary Biffin; gives all the rest of real and personal estate to William Biddle, of Mount Hope, Burlington Co., in trust for Grace Ellis, daughter of brother Daniel Ellis of Littlefield in Holderness, Yorkshire, England, or in case of her being dead, to Joseph Hewesley, William Biddle, sole executor.

Witnesses: Biffin, Shinn, John Curtis (Curling).

Nov. 18, 1693, William Biddle as sole executor of William Ellis deceased, gave a deed to Richard French, 400 acres he bought of William Ellis and his wife, and Feb. 20, 1694, Joseph Adams gave a deed to Michael Biffin for 500 acres of land of William Ellis, Adams bought of William Biddle, executor for William Ellis.

Thomas Ellis, a whitesmith, only mentions a daughter Elizabeth in his will, who was placed by her three guardians Samuel Jennings, Elias Farr and Thomas Budd with John Browne of Burlington (Mansfield Township).

130. Catherine West, b. July 1738; buried in 1748, a month before her brother John.

131. Deborah West, b. April 1740; md. (license) Sept. 20, 1758, Andrew Stephens (Stevens). All these children born at Shrewsbury.

Children of Joseph West and Audrey (Webster) his second wife, granddaughter of Thomas Webster and wife Audrey West, all born in Shrewsbury were:

132. Beriah West, b. June 1742; md. Oct. 2, 1761, Sarah Parker; had Joshua, Meribah and John West.

133. Jane West, b. August 1744; md. Hagerman, learned from will of her father.

134. Samuel West, b. Sept. 1746; md. Jan. 1, 1769, Sarah Lafetra, b. 1729; 1746, daughter of Edmund Lafetra and Mary (Bower), son of Edmund Lafetra, who made his will, Feb. 28, 1717, of Shrewsbury, N. J.; in which he gives "my loving wife Hannah (Allen) my dwelling house and all my lands after that is sold for payment of debts. To son Edmund (also called Edward) Lafetra, my other half of all my lands and meadows that remain, and if son Edmund Lafetra dies before he comes to 21 years, I give ye same to son John Lafetra, also give him 5 pounds; To son Joseph Lafetra 5 pounds in money; If wife dies or marries before sons George and Edmund come to 21 years, I give ye rents that shall arise by letting the plantation to my son James and Joseph to be divided between them; To daughter Elizabeth Lafetra one feather bed and bedding; I appoint my loving brother-in-law George Allan of Shrewsbury, blacksmith, and wife Hannah, executors. Witnesses: George Allan, Isaac Stolle, Jacob Dennis. Proved May 27, 1719. Inventory taken by John Scott and John Scott, Jr., of 17 sheep at 5 pounds, 17 swine at 5 pounds and 5 chickens; personal estate 56 pounds 7 shillings. (Index A. p. 121).

James Lafetra of the will married 27, 4 mo.; 1739, Hannah Brewer, both of Shrewsbury, at house of Adam Brewer or Brower, who came to Mansfield, N. J. in 1733, son of Jacob Brewer, who married Anna Bogardus, son of Adam Haverker Berckhoven, born at Cologne, came to New Amsterdam (New York, U. S. A.) about 1712. Their son, James Lafetra, Jr. married 14, 5 mo.; 1767, Elizabeth Lippincott, both of Shrewsbury, at Friends Meeting House there; they had Joseph Lafetra who married 16, 10 mo.; 1806, Ruth (Woolley) daughter of Elihu and Mary (Woolley) Woolley; Edmund Lafetra, who married Sarah and had Rebecca who married 14, 9 mo.; 1809 John Moreton, son of William Moreton of Howell Township, at Mansfield, N. J. and of his wife Deborah, who was dead at the time of the marriage of her son John.

To be continued.

SOME OF THE QUAKER FAMILIES OF N. J.

As many descendants of the early settlers of New England and especially Rhode Island followed that eccentric "Universal Friend" Benjamin Wilkinson to the settlement in the "New Jerusalem" Yates County, N. Y. and their family records were interrupted or untraced. The following notes, gleaned from time to time, may be of interest to some readers of the MERCURY, who may find it possible to fit in some missing links, to their records.

INGHAM—Two brothers Elihu and Eleazar and their cousin Nathaniel were among the early settlers in the Friends Society of Yates Co., N. Y. They were all married and had families. Elihu's children were, 1. Jerusha; 2. Asa; and 3. Lament whose parents died when she was an infant. She married 1. Wm. Pence and 2. Daniel Sutton, and lived to an advanced age. 2. Asa learned the shoemaker's trade and when he reached his majority went to Canada. Eleazar's children were, 1. Daniel; 2. Philo married early and moved to Wabash region. 3. Eleazar married Dorcas Gardner, sister of George and Abner and settled in Putney, had large family and lived to great age.

One of his daughters married Rowland Champlin, Jr. and another married John Sisson. John married Anna Updegrave, had one son who married Esther Boyd, and daughters, Mary Ann; Bernatha; Rachel and Eleonor, three of whom were teachers; Abigail; Lydia; Rachel died at the age of 88 years. Lament married Samuel Davis son of Malachi and "Patience married Asa Brown, son of Michael Brown.

Nathaniel the cousin of Elihu and Eleazar above settled first at "Friends settlement" and later, on West Hill, Jerusalem, Yates Co. His children were, Mary; Huldah; Chloe; Nathaniel; Solomon; David; and Experience who married Eliza Barnes and lived to advanced age. Solomon lived near Philadelphia and finally withdrew from the Friends Society. He lost his life by accident, buried in a well.—L. R. C.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6308. PECKHAM—CASWELL—In the MERCURY of March 2, 1907, S. F. P. stated that Lydia Peckham (Phillips, Thomas, John) b. Mar. 16, 1706, married Job Caswell. Can anyone give the parentage of this Job Caswell or any clue to his place of residence previous to 1728, when the first mention of him is found in Newport?—K. M. S.

6309. ROSWORTH—Who was Jonathan, wife of Deborah Rosworth of Cumberland, R. I.? When were they married?—C. S.

6310. ANTHONY—Who was Susan, wife of John Anthony of Portsmouth, R. I., 1678?—J. T.

6311. SHEDDEN—Can any one give birth date of John Shedden, of Kingstown, R. I., who died 1708?—J. T.

6312. REYNOLDS—Who was the husband of Deliverance Reynolds, mentioned in will of her grandfather Isaac Shedden, 1752?—J. T.

Middletown.

In the death, on Tuesday evening, of William James Irish, Middletown is again called upon to give up one of her older and most well-known citizens.

For 35 years Mr. Irish has been a familiar figure upon the roads to and from Newport as a milkman. Mr. Irish has left the house but once in eight months owing to feeble health. Never a rugged man, he had nevertheless accomplished a life of usefulness by a most determined will in spite of his frail body. His death occurred as the result of a general breaking up and also weakening of the heart action.

Mr. Irish was the only son of a family of three, being survived by two sisters, Mrs. Wm. H. Tallman of Newtown and Mrs. Christopher S. Peckham of Middletown. He was born Sept. 29, 1837, in Middletown, his parents being the late James and Ruth Irish, of Middletown. On Feb. 1st, 1863, he was united in marriage to Ann Rebecca Smith, by whom he is survived; he leaves also three children, George H., Edward E. and Miss Mary E. Irish, the latter living at home. Upon commencing his early married life at the homestead now occupied by Mr. John H. Peckham, he was engaged in farming, but for the past 35 years he had lived at his late residence on Wapping road and had been engaged in the milk business. Mr. Irish was a man much devoted to his home and family, and was a person of a very quiet and retiring disposition.

Funeral services were held from his former home on Wapping road, on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and were largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. H. H. Critchlow, of the M. E. Church, and the church choir sang.

The bearers were Messrs. Daniel A. Carter, I. Lincoln Sisson, Charles Peckham and James H. Barker.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of snow, residents report crocuses up; and a dandelion in bloom, recently picked, promises the near approach of spring.

As soon as warm weather becomes assured fact, Mr. Benjamin Hall, Jr., will resume building upon the cellar wall of a new cottage home on Aquidneck avenue, the foundation of which was completed this winter. Mr. Hall has also recently finished three new cottage houses on Indian avenue which will be occupied by Portuguese.

Miss Louise M. Hart, who is in training for the position of a nurse at the Boston Homeopathic Hospital, was home on Friday for the first time since last September.

The young people, who have recently formed themselves into a dramatic or organization, have taken the Indian name of the "Honkonkoma" Club and are having regular rehearsals each week among the homes of the members. They propose to give several comedies about the middle of April at the Middletown town hall. The club is being "conducted" by Mrs. Reuben Wallace Peckham, a graduate of the School of Expression, Boston. Mrs. Peckham also assisted the young people of the Berkeley Parish, who gave so successful a presentation of "Mr. Bot" last fall, for the benefit of the new Guild House.

The monthly literary meeting of the Epworth League was to have taken place Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Sidney Johnson on Aquidneck avenue, but so few were present that a social evening was spent instead.

A second business meeting has been appointed for St. Columba's Guild, for

FOSTER'S IDEAL.

ACCIDENT PROOF.

Baby can't get out or stick his head through. No more bumps for baby.

He can toss and roll to his heart's content, wake up as early as he likes and you don't have a shiver down your back every few minutes for fear he'll tumble over the sides.

Built High and Close.

He's as snug and safe as can be, and if you can stand his noise you can snooze as long as you choose. Fitted with soft elastic woven wire springs, this crib makes the best baby's bed we know of. In best white enamel finish. Price \$10.00

SOLE AGENTS.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for property in this section. If you wish to dispose of yours kindly let us know.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



Did you ever stop to consider that you can speak with almost anyone—anywhere—at any time

BY TELEPHONE?

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

Saturday afternoon, when the members will be entertained by Mrs. Joel Peckham. Mrs. Wm. R. Hunter, who was unable to be present at the last meeting and who had been reappointed as president, feels that she cannot serve longer in that capacity and asks that a successor may be appointed.

Mrs. Eugene Stortevant and the Misses Helena and Mary Stortevant, who spend a portion of each winter in New York, have returned to their cottage on Second Beach road.

Owing to the extremely poor traveling, there was a small attendance at the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange held on Thursday evening at the town hall, the candidates for initiation not being present. The social hour was spent in progressive whist. The Grange is to hold a vendue in April and a committee, consisting of Elton W. Peckham, Mrs. Edward J. Peckham and Mrs. Howard G. Peckham, were appointed to arrange for the entertainment.

Tiverton.

The following seventeen names are those of Tiverton citizens, over the age of eighty years, supposed to be living:

James Webster, born February 18, 1812.

Philip Gray, born April 28, 1815.

Captain Henry F. King, born September 30, 1816.

John Snyder, born June 24, 1818.

Andrew H. Manchester, born February 13, 1820.

Stephen T. Tripp, born June 12, 1821.

Richard W. Albert, born October 14, 1821.

Cornelius Davol, born September 1, 1822.

Dennis Kelley, born December 9, 1824.

George W. Hamby, born April 4, 1826.

Alexander S. Pierce, born July 17, 1828.

John Pomfret, born August 17, 1826.

Simon R. Hart, born December 22, 1826.

Peleg S. Stafford, born January 6, 1827.

James N. Dean, born March 31, 1827.

Leander Dwelly, born September 24, 1827.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. Nicholas Dillon house No. 29 Mann avenue to Frank W. Greenlaw, Principal of Coles Laboratory.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown to Mrs. Mary Lee Mann the Greene cottage on Greene lane for Mrs. L. C. Greene of Philadelphia for summer season.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown for Mrs. Mary H. Clarke, lower half of her cottage on Clinton avenue, to Sergeant F. E. Murell, U. S. A., stationed at Fort Greble.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for pasturage and other agricultural purposes five acres of land near corner of Second Beach and Purgatory Road for R. L. Ashhurst.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Joseph S. and John P. Freeborn about 5 acres of choice land on Bliss Road in Middletown for gardening purposes to Henry J. Haes.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown, for Trunetall Smith, furnished cottage on Walcott avenue, to Mr. Francis Schroeder of New York for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Howard are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Dulce Wilcox Flint, of Providence.

The board of tax assessors are in session for the purpose of assessing the tax for the municipal year.

Mr. C. B. Tallman has been in New York and Philadelphia the past week.

Miss Ida M. Curry has returned from an extended trip to New York.

Captain Henry D. Scott is confined to his home by illness.

Spring is Coming.

During the past week the grip of winter seems to have been broken and the coming of spring has put our streets into a condition of mud and slush and water that is a frequent concomitant of the end of winter. Although there was a heavy snow fall at the beginning of the week, there is little of the white mantle now visible in the compact part of the city, but in the outskirts there are still some large drifts in existence.

Last Sunday afternoon the snow began to fall in a way that seemed to mean business. It was light and dry and drifted some, even though there was not much wind prevailing. The storm continued through the night and at a late hour the wind arose and formed some large drifts. Even after the storm ceased the snow continued to drift in and caused some trouble out on the island. In the city the sleighing was good for a short time, but after the sun got in its work the snow began to disappear rapidly.

On Wednesday there was a brisk rain storm which later developed into a warm fog which lasted for two days and this served to carry away the snow without causing any great rush of water. The streets and gutters have been well filled with water and only the efforts of the highway department prevented worse conditions than have existed. However, as it marks the advent of spring, most people were content to put up with a little temporary inconvenience for the sake of seeing the last of the snow.

Friday was rather cooler but the sun shone again and soon warmed up the atmosphere.

Mr. Percy J. Bailey was attacked by three men on Broadway while on his way home late last Saturday night. Although the odds were so strongly against him Mr. Bailey felled all of his assailants and went on in safety.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Laurens Van Allen will open their cottage here the coming season. They are at present in Europe, having been abroad for a year.

Hon. and Mrs. Daniel B. Fearling will arrive here in a few weeks from abroad, where they have been for a long time.

Captain F. B. Garnett has been attending to the duties of Chief Crowley during the latter's absence from the city.

Officer Tobin is able to be on duty again after his recent illness.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 4th, 1907. Estate of John E. Littlefield.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John E. Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the first day of April, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE. New Shoreham, R. I., March 16, 1907. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of JOHN E. LITTLEFIELD, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

J. KIMMER PAYNE, Administrator.

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J. KIMMER PAYNE, Administrator.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 4th, 1907. Estate of Francis Wills.

ALTON H. MOTT, Administrator, c. t. a. d. b. n., on the estate of Francis Wills, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents for probate, and the same is received and referred to the first day of April, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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WILLIAM S. MOTT, Executor.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND. Senate, Providence, March 8, 1907. PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled "An Act relating to fraternal benefit associations," in Committee Room, 212 State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, March 21, 1907, upon the filing of the Senate.

JOHN E. O'NEILL, Chairman. JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of her daughter, HAZEL BRENTON WARD, a minor above the age of fourteen years, has given bond to said Court and duly qualified herself as such Guardian.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Hazel Brenton Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD, Guardian.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 21, 1907—223-4w.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of her daughter, ROWENA FOWLER WARD, a minor, under the age of fourteen years, has given bond to said Court and duly qualified herself as such Guardian.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Rowena Fowler Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD, Guardian.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 23, 1907—223-4w.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of her daughter, ROWENA FOWLER WARD, a minor, under the age of fourteen years, has given bond to said Court and duly qualified herself as such Guardian.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Rowena Fowler Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD, Guardian.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 23, 1907—223-4w.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX. THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix of the estate of her former husband, GEORGE E. WARD, late of said Middletown, deceased, has given bond to said Court as required and duly qualified herself as such Administratrix.

All persons having claims against the estate of said George E. Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD, Administratrix.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 23, 1907—223-4w.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of her daughter, ROWENA FOWLER WARD, a minor, under the age of fourteen years, has given bond to said Court and duly qualified herself as such Guardian.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Rowena Fowler Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD, Guardian.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 23, 1907—223-4w.

Carr's List.

FRIDAY THE 13TH, By Thomas W. Lawson.

RUNNING WATER, By A. E. W. Mason.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN, By Meredith Nicholson.

THE ROME EXPRESS, By Arthur Griffiths.

PRISONERS OF FORTUNE, By R. P. Smith.